

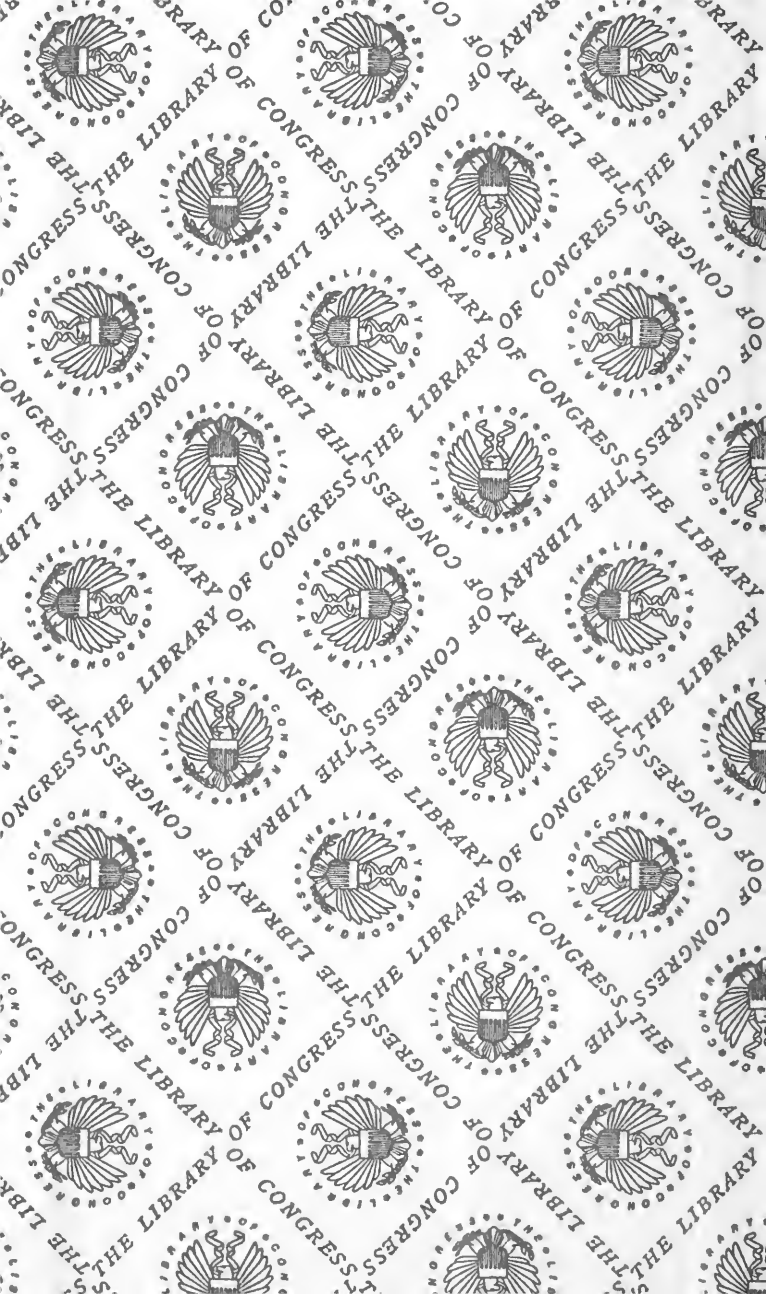
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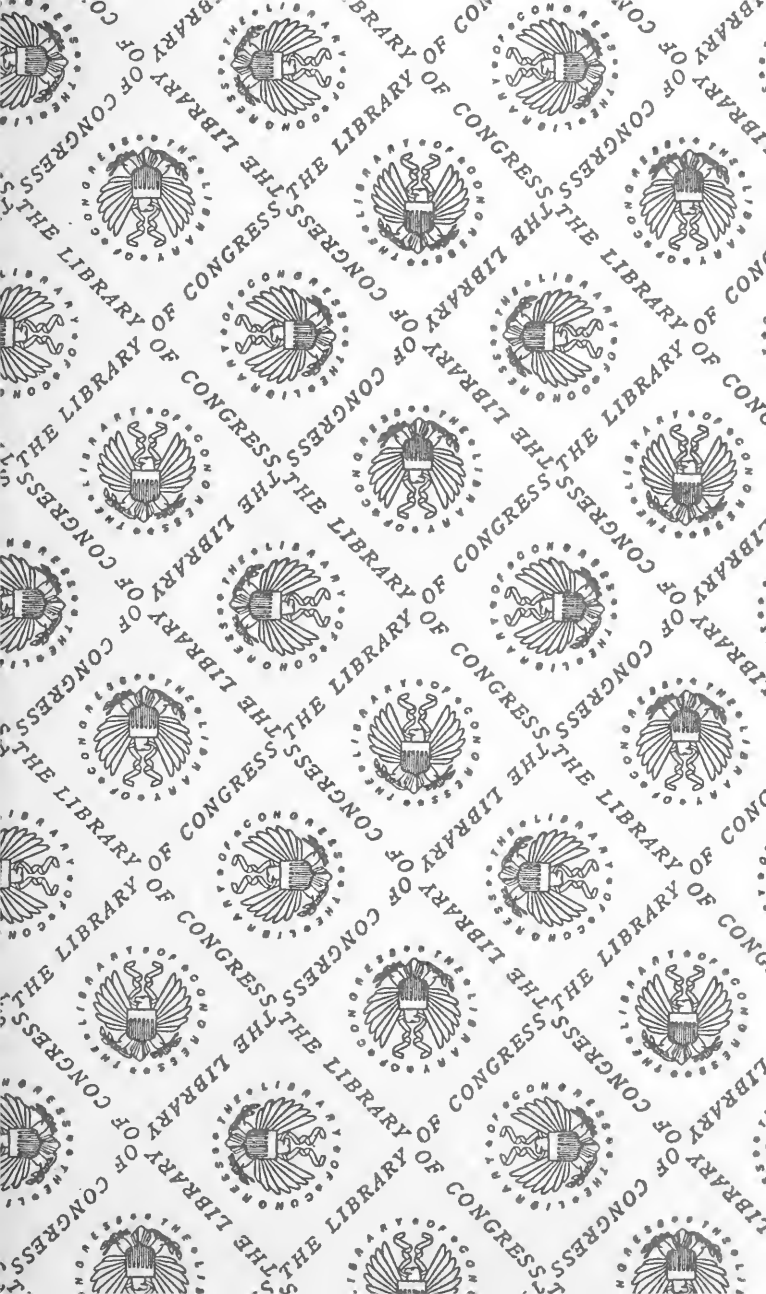
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# Love Off to the War *and* OTHER POEMS

By  
THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



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WIFE, AND COMRADE HELPER



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LOVE OFF TO THE WAR  
AND OTHER POEMS

## DEAD SAVIORS

*I heard the winds of December  
Whistle and blow,  
And I thought of the brave lads sleeping  
Under the snow.*

*And there, as I stood in sorrow,  
I dreamed of spring,  
When the wind would blow from the southland,  
And birds would sing.*

*I said, Then earth will be happy  
And peace will bide  
Because the lads in the trenches  
Failed not, but died.*



## LOVE OFF TO THE WAR

IT will not matter much that I shall go  
From out the haunts of youth, the charms of  
home,

To dwell in stranger lands; no more to know  
The kiss of wife and babe; long months to roam  
Beneath embattled skies, in muck and mire,  
Starved, rain-drenched and fighting demon fire.

It will not matter much that I shall fall  
Within a hostile land, where terror rides;  
That I shall no more hear stern duty's call;  
Most sweet shall be my rest, where peace abides.  
With me it shall be well if truth prevails,  
But dire shall be my dreams, if justice fails.

It matters not that I in death shall lie;  
It matters much that *Freedom shall not die.*

## HELL'S DREAM

A PROUD king dreamed in his gilded chair;  
He dreamed—and sighed, for the lands were  
fair!

A king said “Yea!” It was but a breath!  
And a million men marched toward the gates of  
death.

A million wives gasped as their husbands sped;  
A million babes starved as their fathers bled.  
A king sought gain in the north and south—  
And a million men marched toward the cannon’s  
mouth.

## A QUESTION

GOD, who made the shining stars,  
The circling planets, the fair, green earth,  
With friendly seasons—jubilant spring,  
Bountiful summer, winter that puts tired life to rest;  
God, who made morning songs and sweet night-  
crooning;

God of the forests and silver rivers,  
Gardens and orchards green and golden,  
God of harmony, God of beauty,

*Who made war?*

## AT HALF-MAST

**F**LY the flag at half-mast  
For the life that has been spilt,  
For the wealth that has been built  
On the bones of men;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
Till the day breaks again.

Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the greed that would not die,  
For the hate that scorched the sky  
With envenomed fire;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the deeds of men's ire.

Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the love that has been slain,  
For the conflict's bloody stain  
On the hopes of men;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
Till the day breaks again.

## THE NIGHT OF SORROW

THE stars have vanished from the midnight sky;  
A death-like hush enfolds the earth and sea;  
And on the wind tonight I hear the cry  
That echoed once from cruel Calvary.

In countless towns they crucify the Lord,  
The Prince of Life devote to death and shame;  
They scorn His rod of love and raise the sword,  
And scourge the Christian lands with "Christian"  
flame.

The swollen waves are red with human blood;  
The sod is reeking with the nations' tears;  
The world is steeped in sorrow, for a flood  
Of wrath and woe has fallen on our years.

Thou Christ of God, we kneel before Thy cross;  
Our path is dark—Thou art the only Way.  
Oh, grant us strength to bear this grief and loss  
And lead us forth again into the day.

The world that turned from Thee must seek again  
Thy love, Thy mercy, and Thy wondrous peace;  
The hosts that tread the wilderness of pain  
Must hail Thee Shepherd ere their woes shall  
cease.

O great Physician, Thou alone canst heal;  
O mighty Savior, only Thou canst save;  
Forgive our sin, turn not from our appeal:  
Reach forth Thy hand and lift us from the grave.

### ON A EUROPEAN BATTLE FIELD

THEY are not dead, the soldiers fallen here;  
Their spirits walk throughout the world today;  
They still proclaim their message far and near:  
*Might is not right, God's truth must have its way!*

The cold, damp soil cannot these heroes hide;  
These knightly lads who did not fear to die  
That liberty and freedom still might bide:  
Weep not for them, though here they lowly lie.

Go forth and tell their message to the world;  
In vain their fight, in vain the foe withstood;  
Unless above all kingdoms be unfurled  
The pure white flag of love and brotherhood.

## MESSENGERS

"JOY has left the world," I said;  
And my heart was mute and sad;  
Then I heard a bluebird's note,  
And again my heart was glad.

"Peace has left the world," I said;  
"Strife has seized the hearts of men";  
Then I saw a robin's nest,  
And the earth was calm again.

"Love has left the world," I said;  
And I languished in despair;  
Then I smiled—a mother bird  
Fed her brood with tender care.

## THE OPTIMISM OF FAITH

ABOVE the raucous cries  
Of world-old wrong,  
Faith hears, in accents deep,  
Truth's battle song.

Athwart the fearful gloom  
Of sin's black night,  
Faith sees, slow-conquering,  
Love's kindly light.

## FOR ME

**I**N Picardy, beyond the sea,  
A million heroes fight for me;  
Where fires of death appall the night,  
And smoky curtains blind the sight,  
They battle, in the fiendish light—  
For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,  
Our warrior laddies bleed for me;  
For them the home land held the most—  
Nor did they fail to count the cost;  
They went, lest freedom might be lost—  
For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,  
Those dauntless lads would died for me!  
The fleur-de-lis, deep-tinged with red,  
Will bend o'er many a gory bed,  
Where lie those sons of Freedom—dead—  
For me.

## THE CALL

**I**N days long gone God spake unto our sires:  
“Courage! Launch out! A new world build for  
me!”

Then to the deep they set their ships, and sailed  
And came to land, and prayed that here might  
be

A realm from pride and despotism free,  
A place of peace, the home of liberty.

Lo, in these days, to all good men and true  
God speaks again: “Launch out upon the deep  
And win for me a world of righteousness!”

Can we, free men, at such an hour still sleep?  
O God of Freedom, stir us in our night  
That we set forth, for justice, truth and right!



## DRUM BEATS

WHAT mean these hurrying feet?  
What means this militant drum?  
Along the sun-lit street  
Ten thousand patriots come.  
It means that death is near  
For monarchy on earth;  
It means the end of fear;  
It means a new world's birth.  
The age of kings is past,  
The age of man has come;  
Tyranny cannot last—  
Hark to the patriot drum!  
No more can God endure  
The pride of kings and lords:  
His wrath is stern and sure—  
More sure than a million swords.  
The truth cannot be stayed;  
The right must rule o'er all;  
The false must low be laid;  
The pomp of power must fall.  
What means that patriot cry?  
What means that militant drum?  
That the end of kings is nigh,  
That the People's day has come.

## THE CHALLENGE

**Y**OU have wasted our cities with fire,  
You have blackened our treasured art,  
You have blasted our shrines in your ire,  
You have broken the whole world's heart.  
But your purpose will fail;  
The right will prevail,  
Though widely your flag be unfurled.  
You can shatter the work of our hands, Wilhelm,  
But you can't kill the soul of the world.

You have slaughtered our patriot sons,  
You have ravished our womanhood,  
You have strangled our babes, and your guns  
Have every appeal withstood.  
But your purpose will fail;  
The right will prevail;  
Your banners of death shall be furled.  
You can slaughter our patriot sons, Wilhelm,  
But you can't kill the soul of the world.

## AMERICA'S MEN

**W**E are America's men,  
Strong, forceful, and free.

We are America's men,  
Children of liberty;  
Ready to march at the trumpet's call,  
Ready to fight, ready to fall—  
And ready to herald, "Peace for all!"  
We are America's men.

We are America's men,  
Brave, dauntless, and true.  
We are America's men,  
Ready to dare and do;  
Ready to wield the sword with might,  
Ready the tyrant's brow to smite—  
And ready to sheathe the sword—for Right!  
We are America's men.

We are America's men,  
Loathing the despot's rod.  
We are America's men,  
Under the rule of God;  
Ready to battle giants grim,  
Ready to fight till day grows dim,  
But ready to sheathe the sword—for Him!  
We are America's men.

## GOD RULES THE SEAS!

**A** THOUSAND dreadnoughts proudly flaunt  
Their flags before the breeze;  
A million seamen ride the waves,  
But God rules the seas.

Before a king had donned a crown,  
Or queen had lolled at ease,  
The floods beat high against the sky,  
And God ruled the seas.

Before a lord had claimed the tide  
To curb as he might please,  
The waters of the earth flowed wide,  
And God ruled the seas.

The fountains of the deep are His,  
And His the favoring breeze;  
His are the laws of ebb and flow,  
For God rules the seas.

## AMERICA MARCHING

WHISTLING—in tears—they go,  
Brimming with life,  
Out from love's shielding arms  
Into the strife.

They go with sinking hearts,  
But with a will  
That in the face of fate  
Shall fight on still.

Why should they be cast down?  
Though grim their cross,  
To him whose heart is brave  
Death brings no loss.

They will not turn them back,  
Though rest come late:  
Freedom must live in earth  
Whate'er their fate.

Liberty, fear no more!  
Our heroes come,  
Marching with loyal feet  
To patriot drum.

## THANKSGIVING DAY, 1917

NOT for our hosts of mighty men, O Lord,  
Who strive today in pits of human blood;  
Nor for the iron monsters of the deep  
Which, war-possessed, now cleave the ocean's  
flood;  
But for the hearts that sicken as they slay,  
That faint before the awful storm of hate—  
For these we thank Thee, Lord. Oh, keep Thou  
them  
Thus tender, merciful, compassionate!

Let not our eyes be blinded by the blast,  
Let not our ears be deafened to Thy voice,  
But may the tumult and the war-like flames  
Lead us the more in mercy to rejoice;  
We glory not in victories of guns,  
We find no pleasure in a scourge of pain;  
*This task we must perform.* Oh, speed our work,  
That we may walk as sons of peace again!

BY THIS SIGN CONQUER!

**W**E battle not that we may be  
The arbiters of every sea,  
And that our armies may be found  
Triumphant to earth's farthest bound.  
No single drop of blood shall flow  
That we a victor's joy may know.  
Behind our deadly shot and shell,  
That shatter as a blast from hell,  
Will be no selfish greed for gold;  
Man's life shall not for lust be sold.  
The hand that wields the demon gun  
Will feel no pride, its duty done.  
The warrior's keen, unerring eye  
Will fill with tears that men must die.  
One thought shall stir us to the fight:  
That war alone can save the right;  
That shot and shell and cannon's roar  
Alone can freedom's cause restore.  
The Cross, the Cross—be this the sign  
That gleams above our battle line!

“AMERICA GOES FORTH TO SLAY”\*

“**A**MERICA goes forth to slay”—  
The giant Greed, the harlot Pride;  
The Will that dares to override  
The peopled earth with fire and sword,  
That there may be one mighty lord.

“America goes forth to slay”—  
The foes that lurk within herself:  
The love of gold, the lust for pelf,  
The self-content that could ignore  
The slaughter on the Belgian shore.

*America goes forth to bleed—*  
That Love may be earth’s final creed,  
That Mercy may in every land  
Subdue the brutal Iron Hand.  
America goes forth to *die*  
For Faith, for Love, for Liberty.

\*A current criticism.



## THE BATTLE SONG OF TRUTH

**W**HAT though the day be lost, and every warrior  
slain!

A million years are His to win the field again.

The triumph is to God, however long the strife;

For sin and death must yield to Him, the Lord of  
Life.

The planets are in league against the hosts of night;

The sun itself goes forth to battle for the right.

The ages fight for God! Shall we the contest yield?

Arise, ye sons of Truth, and sweep the hostile field!

## THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN

Dedicated to the first fallen at the front.

THEY have not died in vain—

Those soldier lads who left their tasks and play  
At Freedom's call, who smiling marched away  
From home and loved, to hold hell's tribes at bay.

They have not died in vain;  
Though now they rest beneath the war-swept sod,  
A million men shall walk the way they trod,  
Because they fell—adventurers for God.

They have not died in vain;  
Their cold lips speak; the whole world hears their  
cry,  
"To arms! to arms!" The whole world gives reply:  
"By these dead heroes Freedom shall not die!"

## GOD'S VICTORS

GOD'S battles are forever won,  
Though oft His warriors bite the dust;  
Triumphant in their death they lie,  
Who fall in warfare just.

The final issue standeth sure,  
When right and wrong in conflict meet;  
Who fight for right may be laid low,  
But right knows no defeat.

## GETHSEMANE

NOW is the world's Gethsemane.  
Love in the garden weeps alone  
Because the ark of truth is taken,  
Because the hearts of men are stone;  
But courage! Earth is not forsaken.

Now is the world's Gethsemane—  
And there is yet a darker morrow:  
They will not have the Son of Light;  
In some black hour of awful sorrow  
His feet must mount the hill of night.

Now is the world's Gethsemane—  
Tomorrow shall be Calvary!  
But God will not His cause forsake:  
An Easter-dawn of peace shall be,  
When every watchful soul shall see  
A new world-morning break.

“BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD”

**B**E still and know that I am God,  
Ye who with fret and fear are worn;  
Who hear no voice, when tempests beat;  
Who faint, by sorrows overborne;  
Who dwell in shadows of defeat.

Be still and know that I am God;  
The world is mine—the shine, the storm;  
Your life is mine—your hopes, your fears;  
The sun is mine, to keep you warm;  
I guard your days, your distant years.

Be still and know that I am God;  
Let not the fires of war appall!  
Fear not the demons of the seas!  
The kings who build on blood shall fall;  
I rule the nations’ destinies.

Be still and know that I am God;  
Mine only is the conquering sword;  
What can avail the tyrant’s boasts,  
If I oppose, who am the Lord?  
Fear only me, the Lord of Hosts!

## THE DAWN OF LIBERTY

**A**ROUND the world truth speaks in new-found  
voices;

The darkness flees and all the world rejoices.  
The people's God has heard the people's plea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

God shakes all thrones; the jeweled crowns are  
falling.

“To serve, to serve!”—this is the clear cry calling.  
The hosts of earth shall see a world set free;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

No longer shall the war lords strike with terror;  
The end has come for darkness and for error.  
The light of truth shall rest on land and sea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

## THE ABIDING

**G**OD reigns!  
His is the day,  
And the night of hate  
And the storm of wrath  
Shall pass away.

Love reigns!  
Hers are the years,  
And an age of peace  
And of kindliness  
Will banish fears.

Truth reigns!  
God is on high,  
And the pride of kings  
And the lust for things  
Are doomed to die.

## AMERICA IN FRANCE

YOU have not fought in vain, O dead,  
Who sleep amid the poppies red:  
Your plea, attested with your blood,  
By all the world is understood,  
And we, your brothers, come from far  
To win our nation's service star.

How could we fail you, in your fight  
For liberty, for truth and right!  
You quailed not when the tempest broke  
About your homes; your bold guns spoke  
A message we ourselves would speak,  
Who stand as guardians of the weak;  
And we are here; with mighty tread,  
Our sons avenge your noble dead.

Brave France! We cross the troubled sea  
Not only at your battle plea;  
Though stirred to strife by war's alarms,  
We come not only men in arms:  
We come to seal our broken past  
With fellowship and friendship fast—  
One heart, one soul, for all the years,  
Till earth may hide her warlike fears;  
Till Freedom, idol of your sires,  
May pledge to all her sacred fires.

## WOODROW WILSON—LEADER

WHEN war first cast its flames across the skies,  
In distant lands, when by a pistol shot  
Old Europe flared into a furnace hot,  
And the dazed world was rent with human cries,  
They who, of lighter mind, could not restrain  
The tinder in themselves, called loud for war,  
And bade us join the strife, however far  
Our shores might be. Quick anger and disdain  
They had for him who held our reins of state,  
But he, wise leader, massed what strength was ours  
From our aloofness, till with all our powers  
Matured, our arms could strike the blow of fate!



IN FRIENDLY TOWN

## WEALTH

*I have a friend of wealth untold;  
Her window views a field of gold,  
And right before her open door  
A rosebush thrives—though little more.*

*A robin comes each shining day  
And helps her while the hours away;  
But more—within her four walls pent,  
She holds the jewel of content.*

## KING OF AN ACRE

**A** KING of bluest blood am I,  
Though gold and purple pass me by;  
By right divine I wield the rod  
Above this realm of sod and clod.

My palace home is passing plain—  
A simple cottage by the lane;  
Beneath its roof what hours are spent  
Of kingly thought and proud content!

My Queen, what royal garb has she?  
The robes of worth and purity;  
A rod of love her fair hands hold—  
A scepter mightier than of gold.

No hunting grounds my kingdom knows;  
I find fair sport in fat bean rows,  
And in the maze of bush and vine,  
And tangled wealth of eglantine.

What need have I of golden crown,  
Or jeweled throne, or fair renown?  
I look at none with jealous eye,  
For who has more of sun and sky?

Oh, who would not a monarch be  
Of cot and hearth, of bush and tree!  
He shall not ask a beggar's dole,  
Who has an acre—and his soul.

## ON CONTENTMENT STREET

**H**ERE, on fair Contentment Street,  
Life is blest and joy complete.  
In each home abides a friend;  
No fraternal quarrels rend;  
Every heart is open wide;  
Comrades all are we who bide  
On Contentment Street, nor ever  
Can the curse of envy sever.

Spring comes early to our town;  
Summer sends her best gifts down;  
Bounteous fields of daisy-gold  
Bring our vision joy untold.  
Lilac bloom and roses red  
Cheer us. With the summer fled,  
What rare gifts the fruit trees pour  
From their golden autumn store!

Why should we, my friend, complain,  
While each month affords such gain?  
Health and friends and hope are ours;  
Work, and rest in shady bowers.  
We have little moneyed treasure,  
But have joy beyond all measure.  
Peace and love are bread and meat  
Here on dear Contentment Street.

## THE OPTIMIST'S RAINY DAY

OH, what a lovely day  
To gently slip away  
And live again in fancy's fairyland,  
With Stevenson and Scott  
And Dickens—such a lot  
Of fun and frolic ready to my hand!

Then Riley, with his songs,  
To just this day belongs,  
For every word bears messages of cheer;  
And here is rare Mark Twain—  
Now let it rain and rain;  
There's naught of gloom can ever reach me here.

Then, when I turn away  
From all these comrades gay,  
I look far out upon the fields of corn,  
And seem to see them grow,  
A-waving row on row—  
And think of Plenty filling up her horn.

The daisies in the rain  
Shine forth with might and main;  
A hundred robins fill the apple tree;  
Oh, what a lovely day,  
With everything so gay!  
It's raining joy and wonderment to me!

## A SONG OF QUIETNESS

**B**E still, my heart, and let the world rush onward!  
Be still awhile, that we may be with God!

Why should we follow, follow still in madness?

Why should we bow to Mammon's tyrant rod?  
Be still, be still! Now let us wander backward,

Through flowery fields that we have hurried by.  
Let us, as children, pluck again the daisies

That fleck the fields as stars the midnight sky.

Be still, my heart! What profiteth this fretting,  
This ceaseless strife, by proud ambition stirred?  
What gain shall come from all this greed for getting?

Be still, my heart, while God declares His word!  
More truly speaks the lily of the valley

Than busy marts, with spirit-killing roar.  
Be still, be still, let Silence be your teacher!

Be still, my heart, and heed the world no more!

## TAKE TIME TO LIVE

TAKE time to live;  
The world has much to give,  
Of faith and hope and love:  
Of faith that life is good,  
That human brotherhood  
Shall no illusion prove;  
Of hope that future years  
Shall bring the best, in spite  
Of those whose darkened sight  
Would stir our doubts and fears;  
Of love, that makes of life,  
With all its griefs, a song;  
A friend, of conquered wrong;  
A symphony, of strife.  
Take time to live,  
Nor to vain mammon give  
Your fruitful years.

Take time to live;  
The world has much to give  
Of sweet content; of joy  
At duty bravely done;  
Of hope, that every sun  
Shall bring more fair employ.  
Take time to live,

For life has much to give  
Despite the cynic's sneer  
That all's forever wrong;  
There's much that calls for song,  
To fate lend not your ear.  
Take time to live;  
The world has much to give.

## HUT HAPPINESS

LET men of pride rush madly on and on,  
And men of daring sail the vengeful sea;  
In this plain hut, with quietude of dawn  
And starry eve my friends, is joy for me.

The hollyhocks are comrades I can trust,  
The daisies never fail me in my need;  
Content and health enhance my scanty crust;  
Though poor in gold, my soul is rich indeed.



## IN FAIRYLAND

WITH the shrill of the whistle and rattle of  
drum,  
From the reddening Eastland the Wake-fairies come;  
Like the tread of an army their footsteps are heard;  
Every lassie and lad from his slumber is stirred;  
All from the summerland Island of Dreams  
Quietly steal, while the sun's silver beams  
Lighten the way back to Dayland again,  
Out from the harbor and over the main,  
There to laugh and to weep until whistle and drum  
Shall be hushed into dreams when the Sleep-fairies  
come.

With the deep-muffled oars and a lullaby hum,  
From the purple-dyed Westland the Sleep-fairies  
come;  
As the shadows again from their dark dungeons  
creep,  
Lo they waft o'er the bairnies the fair wand of sleep;  
Close by each snowy bed softly they sing;  
Mantles of moonbeams o'er each one they fling;  
Then, in their shallops, far over the main,  
Out into Sleepland they bear them, again  
For a dream-frolic ready, till whistle and drum  
Shall announce that for them the Wake-fairies have  
come.

## HOW FAR IS IT TO CHILDHOOD TOWN?

“**H**OW far is it to Childhood Town?”

A small child asked of me,  
Not knowing of the pain she gave—

My heart she could not see;  
For, as I sought, in simple words,  
To please her eager ears,  
A tear broke past unwilling eyes,  
That looked on other years.

How far is it to Childhood Town?

Oh, many miles, my child!  
Beyond the Mountains of Defeat,  
Where blasted hopes are piled;  
Beyond the Vale of Sorrow, where  
The trees with blight are brown.  
Far, far away that happy place  
We once called Childhood Town.

How far is it to Childhood Town?

Far past the sun-scorched plain,  
Where thronging men, with hearts inflamed,  
Wage war for sordid gain;  
Far o'er the Sea, where many ships  
Have stranded and gone down.  
Oh, far away that happy realm  
We once called Childhood Town.

And yet your heart, my happy child,  
    Feels naught of human woe;  
No mount, no vale, no stormy sea,  
    Your simple life can know;  
For you a river, passing fair,  
    Flows evermore adown  
By that rare realm, sweet Fairyland,  
    Your own dear Childhood Town.



## SONGS OF SEASONS

## REVELATION

*I said in my heart,  
My lonely heart,  
    "All love is dead";  
But behold! a friend  
Brought a wealth of cheer,  
    And gave me bread.*

*I said in my heart,  
My aching heart,  
    "God sends but night";  
Then the sun shone forth  
And enwrapped the earth  
    In golden light.*

*I said in my heart,  
My breaking heart,  
    That death is king;  
And behold! the earth  
Felt the south wind's warmth,  
    And lo! 'twas spring!*

## MARCH YEARNING

N AKED bough and moaning tree,  
North wind sighing gloomily,  
Is there news from o'er the plain?  
Tell, will springtime come again?  
*And the wind and bough and tree*  
*Heard not, chanting drearily.*

Sun of morn and soft south wind,  
Surely you are not unkind.  
In your journeyings afar,  
Have you found where gardens are?  
Are there blooming zones of earth?  
Shall our spring soon come to birth?  
*And the sun and wind heard me,*  
*Left me singing cheerily!*

## SPRING SONG

WITH my ear pressed to the earth,  
Long I held my breath and listened,  
Till the last snow-flurry fled,  
And the last frost-blossom glistened;  
And I heard it, yes, I heard it,  
Heard her voice of mirth and laughter;  
And I saw her tripping toward me  
With her rose-girls coming after—  
Spring, the queen of love and longing,  
With her nymphs of beauty thronging.

As she sped along the path,  
Sunbeams hastened to caress her;  
And the gentle winds, long prisoned,  
Vied, impassioned, to possess her;  
Violets, forget-me-nots,  
Larkspurs and anemones,  
Sprang from every spot she touched,  
And the waking apple-trees  
Burst again in tinted glory  
Freed from Winter's scepter hoary.



## TOP O' THE MORNING

THE sun's a rose in the garden of morn;  
The air is fresh and sweet;  
The cares of yesterday forgot,  
Our hearts with new hope beat.  
The corn rows gleam in the silvering light,  
The meadows drip with dew;  
The roses smile for everyone—  
Top o' the morning to you!

## ON A JUNE DAY

OH, who on a day like this  
Could harbor a thought of ill,  
With the crocus revealing its gold,  
And violets strewn on the hill;  
When the air is mellow with June,  
And the sky is an ocean of blue?  
Oh, who on a day like this  
Could be to his vision untrue!

## DAWN

THE long, long night has passed;  
The hills are touched with gold;  
Come, let us feed our hearts  
Before the day grows old.  
All rapturous the world—  
But lo! the charm has gone!  
The greedy sun has had its fill  
From the glory-feast of dawn.

## A JUNE MILLIONAIRE

THEY hide their gold in coffers dark;  
Their jewels dare not face the day;  
And on their guarded closet shelves  
Their royal purple wastes away.

My gold illumines all the sky;  
My jewels gleam on every flower;  
My simple garb and hardy shoes  
Make happy many a lingering hour.

What wealth of beauty do I glean  
When on the hills I hail the spring!  
And Oh, how golden is the world  
When June time takes me wandering!

There is no need to guard the gold  
God lavishes on road and field;  
For every one may take at will  
From Nature's still increasing yield.

I have no fear that coming years  
Shall bring me loss and poverty;  
For what a wealth of summer hours  
The future holds to gladden me!

So let them boast, if boast they will,  
Their silver and their garments fine;  
I shall not envy them their wealth,  
While country roads and June are mine.

## WAYSIDE ROSES

**A**LONG the roadside of the days  
The fairest roses grow;  
Who seek the sheltered garden plots  
No sweet surprise can know.

How glad the hour when, pilgriming,  
We tire of dust and clod,  
Then come upon a rare wild rose—  
A very gift from God.

## THE WAY AND THE SONG

**W**HOEVER has in his heart a song,  
Has cheer and to spare for a journey long.  
The way may be rough and the weather drear—  
One may fare quite well, with a song to cheer.

What though no comrade enliven the way!  
Just keep on singing, then, night and day.  
Whoever has in his heart a song,  
Has cheer and to spare for a journey long.

## IN THE DAISY FIELD

LET the busy world rush by,  
While I in the daisies lie,  
With no roof but arching sky.

Those who will may grieve and fret,  
Saying foes and woes beset;  
Fears but greater fears beget.

Joy is mine in this today;  
Let tomorrow have its way,  
Bringing March or blooming May.

Shall I spend myself for gold,  
Which by grudging hand is doled?  
Beauty is not bought and sold.

Lo, the glory of this field,  
With its daisy-golden yield.  
How hath God His love revealed!

So let all the world rush by;  
I shall in the daisies lie,  
With no roof but arching sky.

## SEPTEMBER

**R**EIGNETH now the sad September.  
Like a slowly dying ember,  
Fades the summer. Past its glory,  
Yet remains the mournful story  
Of the autumn. In the haze  
Flames of goldenrod upblaze;  
And the daisy, child of summer,  
Stays to greet the staid newcomer,  
Still to lend its bright good cheer  
To the surely dying year.  
In the forest, lately green,  
Autumn's handiwork is seen;  
For in orange, red and gold  
Rarest beauties now unfold;  
And the stream, but lately sparkling  
With the summer's sheen, now darkling,  
Chants a low, funereal song,  
As it slowly moves along.  
Choirs of song birds, grown more still,  
In the orchard on the hill  
Utter now a wild lament  
That the summer days are spent.

## THE DEATH OF SUMMER

NOW fair Summer's streaming silver  
Yields to Autumn's haze of gold;  
Summer hours like sheep are driven  
    Back again to Nature's fold.  
Dimmer grows the Old Year's vision,  
    Shortened is his vital breath;  
All the earth, with hues funereal,  
    Tells of queenly Summer's death.  
Lo! the shadows longer fall,  
And a hush is over all.

From her brimming horn of plenty  
    Autumn soon shall pour her hoard;  
Then in cellars, ready waiting,  
    All with gladness shall be stored,  
There to wait the hungry winter,  
    When the chilling wind shall blow,  
And the kettle's cheery singing  
    Shall drive back the ice and snow.  
Then to Summer shall we bring  
Grateful hearts' glad offering.

## AUTUMN

NOW is the dream-time of the year,  
And the soft West wind  
Gently woos to sleep  
The leaves, swift-falling, gold and red and sere;  
And the wild flowers,  
Born of summer hours,  
Prepare for slumber, knowing winter near.

Now is the dream-time of the year,  
And the sad, sad heart  
Dreams of summer days,  
And of tender hours, now vanished, and more dear;  
And the heart cries out  
For the hopes that lie  
By the wayside dead, and drops for each a tear.



## ROMANCE

## ROMANCE

*I have not sung of Arcady,  
Because I live there still.  
I have not lauded love's sweet ways,  
Nor praised the charm of summer days,  
For love has not deserted me,  
And summer has not ceased to be;  
I have not sung of Arcady,  
Because I live there still.*

## A SONG AND A DREAM

THERE'S a song in my heart singing,  
And it sings the long day through—  
Rose of dawn, at golden sunset,  
And when all the world is blue;  
And the song in my heart singing  
Is a song of you—of you.

There's a dream to my heart coming,  
And it comes the whole night through;  
It is born of love and longing,  
And its vision shall come true;  
And the dream to my heart coming  
Is a dream of you—of you.

## TO HELEN

**A**PRIL bore you, Helen dear,  
Fickle month of all the year;  
Now like sunshine is your face,  
Soon to yield with easy grace  
    To the storm.

April bore you, Helen dear,  
Fickle month of all the year.

April bore you, fickle one,  
With your moods of rain and sun;  
Still I would not change your ways,  
For I love those April days,  
    And so you.

April bore you, fickle one,  
With your moods of rain and sun.

## A MINIATURE

I KNOW a little grove beneath a cloud-clear sky;  
Three sheltering trees are there, and the winds  
go whispering by.

The day is full of dreams, and the air is filled with  
song,

For beside that sweet retreat a river runs along.  
The roses riot there, and hid within the green  
Forget-me-nots grow thick—and bleeding hearts  
are seen.

I have not glimpsed that spot for a sacred sheaf of  
years,

But ah, how clear it seems through youth's devoted  
tears!

I know a little grove beneath a cloudless sky,  
And I love that bit of earth—perhaps you wonder  
why!

## THE RESCUE

PASSION seized—and her eyes flashed fire,  
Teased and tore at my heart's desire;  
(Love played low on her mystic lyre);  
Passion raged with a demon's ire.

Love played low on the magic strings,  
Called up dreams of a thousand springs;  
(Passion hissed with her venom'd stings);  
Love upbore on a cloud of wings!

## THE HOMECOMING

YOUTH would go a wandering  
In the month of May;  
So from out the homeland gate  
Swift he went his way;  
"I will roam," he lightly said,  
"Forever and a day."

Many months he wandered,  
Wandered at his will;  
But the woodlands turned to brown  
With November chill;  
Then, with speeding footsteps,  
He sought the homeland hill.

"Give to me the highway  
When the world is red,  
When the fields are green and gold"—  
Thus the pilgrim said;  
"But for me the home road  
When the summer's dead."

## LOVE THE PENITENT

LOVE went roaming  
When the spring was new:  
He was weary  
Of his sweetheart true;  
Life was merry  
And the skies were blue:  
Love went roaming  
When the spring was new.

Love came homeward  
On a winter day:  
He was weary  
And had lost his way;  
Life was cheerless  
And the skies were gray:  
Love came homeward  
On a winter day.



## KEEP LOVE IN YOUR LIFE

**K**EEP love in your life, my friend,  
If yōu would have perfect joy;  
Keep love, never let her depart—

For who would his life destroy?  
For life's no longer than love, my friend;  
When love is no more, 'tis the journey's end,  
And Regret and Fear shall your way attend.  
Keep love in your life, my friend.

Keep love in your life alway,

Though tempted to bid her go;  
Keep love the bride of your heart,

If you would a true life know.  
For life's no longer than love, I say;  
With the end of love comes the close of day,  
And the chill of death 'mid the shadows gray.  
Keep love in your life alway.

## THE ISLAND OF DREAMS

OVER the mist-shrouded Ocean of Years,  
Lighted by memory's gleams,  
Far from the mainland of Sorrow and Tears,  
Lieth the Island of Dreams.  
Cometh no winter to that blissful Isle;  
There summer reigneth for aye;  
On its fair gardens abideth the smile  
Of a ne'er-vanishing day.

Far o'er its meadows, where wild roses blow,  
By its soft murmuring streams,  
Children play ever, with faces aglow,  
Rapt in the joy of their dreams.  
Never a cloud mars the blue of those skies,  
No dark'ning tempest or rain.  
Sunshine abides where that happy Isle lies,  
Far o'er the mist-shrouded main.

Yet from that Island, in ships passing fair,  
Light hearts embark all the day,  
Seeking the City of Knowledge, somewhere  
Out o'er the billowy way.  
Over the waters the ships bear them far,—  
Lost is the Island of Dreams!  
Outward they speed them, past hindering bar,  
Seeking the City's fair gleams.

Far in the Westland the Island is lost;  
    Soon from the East cometh night;  
Over the Ocean of Years they are tossed,  
    Longing for day and for light.  
Still for them shineth Hope's radiant star,  
    Beckoning evermore on  
Over the ocean that stretches afar  
    Unto the eternal Dawn.

#### HEART OF GOLD

**W**HEN God thought to give to men,  
    Gifts which all their love might hold,  
Searched He earth and heaven, and then  
    Gave me you, my Heart of Gold.

## GIVE ALL FOR LOVE

**G**IVE all for love  
Let not that priceless boon  
Be shut from you by vanity of gold;  
It is the only prize your hands can hold  
At last; and death comes soon.  
Give all for love.

Give all for love.  
It may not seem to you  
Substantial, worth your God-allotted time;  
But care! The crude today sees not as life's full  
prime;  
The last day shall speak true!  
Give all for love.

Give all for love:  
Let not the faith-born smile  
That lights the face of Her your heart knows best  
Fade, unrequited; let Her be your Quest.  
Though other gifts beguile,  
Give all for love.

FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

## THE WORLD BUILDERS

*Give me the poet's vision,  
Grant me the gift of song;  
Life and the things eternal  
All to the bards belong.*

*They are the true world builders,  
Theirs are the deathless years,  
Theirs is an ageless scepter—  
Wielders of dreams and tears.*

*Where is the soldier's glory?  
Where is the monarch's name?  
Theirs is a bloody story,  
Theirs is a blighted fame.*

*Where is the statesman's grandeur?  
Where is the courtier's pride?  
Lo! in the tombs they rest them,  
By the wild ocean side.*

*Give me the poet's vision,  
Grant me the gift of song;  
Life and the things eternal  
All to the bards belong.*

## THE POET'S CALL

**B**Y day the fields and meadows cry;  
By night the bright stars plead;  
He hears the message from on high,  
And to the call gives heed.

The roses tremble as he nears,  
And cry, "Rejoice, rejoice!"  
The rocks break forth as he appears,  
"God sends a Voice, a Voice!"

## THE SEER

**I**N every summer-laden breeze—  
The croon of autumn-tinted trees—  
    He hears the Voice;  
The glad awakening of spring,  
And even winter's icy sting,  
    Bids him rejoice.

He glories in the morn's new light,  
He shouts among the stars at night,  
    He soars, earth-free;  
The clouds on azure canvas limn  
Fair pictures, framed in gold, for him  
    Who can but see.

In humble paths his days are spent,  
His simple heart reads sweet content  
    In quiet skies;  
His world to baser men seems bare,  
But to his thought is realm more fair  
    Than paradise.



## THE POET

**T**HOUGH part of all I meet,  
I walk my way alone;  
Knowing the hearts of men—  
To them, alas! unknown.

## THE TWO SONGS

**T**HERE came an hour of joy to me;  
My voice, athrill, broke forth in song;  
Men listened, rapt, but soon, alas!  
Forgetting, passed along.

Then came an hour with sorrow filled;  
My heart, bowed down, sang yet again;  
Men harkened, stirred with kindred grief—  
And ne'er forgot the strain.

## FAME

**A**MID the noisy haunts of men  
One sought the prize of fame;  
The world refused to hear his song,  
And would not know his name.

Another, from ambition free,  
Sang quietly, apart;  
The world, persistent, sought him out,  
And took him to her heart.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY  
(1915)

**P**OET of common things—  
Sunshine and birds and flowers—  
For you all nature sings.  
For you love ever springs.  
Joy gleams from sorrow's showers  
At your sweet carolings.  
Children bring love to you,  
Knowing your heart is true,  
Knowing you understand  
Their dreams of fairyland.  
Greetings we all would bring,  
Poet, and Childhood's King.

## TO THE SINGER

POET, sing thy song!  
What though none heed thy lyre?  
Let Heaven still inspire  
Lyrics both sweet and strong.  
Poet, sing.

Poet, why now grieve?  
Though men may turn away  
At the high noon of day,  
They will return at eve.  
Poet, cheer.

Poet, dream thy dream.  
Long years may come and go;  
Old age may bring its snow;  
And though all seem in vain,  
Cease not thy heavenly strain!  
Earth still shall catch the gleam.  
Poet, dream.

Poet, lose not heart.  
What though men nurse the wrong,  
And scorn thy loving song?  
What though the nations hate?  
What though war devastate?  
Earth yet shall learn thy art.  
Poet, sing!



CHRISTUS

## MARY

*With love that counted not the cost,  
She broke the alabaster; filled  
With but one thought: It was her Friend  
For whom the precious gift was spilled.*

## CAESAR AND CHRIST

**P**ROUD Caesar came in strength of steel;  
The panoply of war was his.  
At his command men poured forth life,  
The cities perished, nations fell.  
He left as heritage a blood-stained tide;  
He came, he scorned, he slaughtered—  
And he died.

The meek Christ came, His strength the true—  
A heart of love His panoply.  
At His command men found their life,  
The cities flourished, nations grew.  
As heritage, the reign of peace He gives;  
He came, He loved, He pitied—  
And He lives.

## THE UNIVERSAL GUILT

I SAW One greeted with a kiss;  
A son of night performed the deed;  
And then they led away my Lord  
To be despised, to suffer, bleed;  
And I stood by, nor said a word,  
Nor was I by His mute grief stirred.

I saw One wear a crown of thorns;  
They placed it rudely on His brow,  
And pressed it down; and as He bowed  
They cried, "Messiah—see Him now!"  
And I stood by, nor moved a limb  
To save my Lord, or comfort Him.

I saw One hanging on a cross;  
As in each hand they drove the nail,  
He groaned and cried, "O God, forgive!"  
They laughed and shouted, "King, all hail!"  
And I with them was standing there,  
As He breathed out His dying prayer.



## A PRAYER

**O** THOU whose very word is power,  
Great Master of the mighty sea,  
Grip Thou my will within Thine own,  
And rule Thou me.

As Thou didst calm the winds and waves  
That wrestled wild on Galilee,  
Rebuke the passions that would slay,  
And calm Thou me.

The arm of man availeth not  
To snatch me from the engulfing sea.  
Stretch forth Thy strong and willing hand,  
And save Thou me.

## THE TRUE NEED

**I** DO not wish to see my sins more plain,  
But this: to know Thy life, without a stain.

I would not see the vileness of my heart,  
But this would know: how pure and true Thou art.

I would forget my paltry life, so small,  
And know Thy greatness, Thou, my All in All.

Oh! teach me not how deep my spirit's night,  
But flood me with Thy beams, Thou Perfect Light!

## THE PRAYER OF THE SOUL

**H**UNGRY of soul for bread to satisfy,  
Fed through the years with husks of vanity,  
My body faint, drooping my weary head—  
Hungry of soul, I come to Thee for Bread.

Thirsty of soul for living waters pure,  
Far from the spring, I scarce my life endure,  
My throat all parched, and gone my power to sing—  
Thirsty of soul, I come to seek Thy Spring.

Darkened in soul, in world of darkness pent,  
Gone sun and star from out my firmament;  
Groping as blind, all things bring me affright;  
Darkened in soul, I come to Thee for Light.

Weary of soul of all the world's hard strife,  
Sick of the wrong that ever fills my life,  
Sated with self and with my selfish quest—  
Weary in soul, I come to Thee for Rest.

## A PRAYER

**O** SUN of life, O wondrous shining Light,  
How pale our candles, flickering in the night!  
And yet we boast the splendor of their rays!  
Oh! make us humble, Lightener of our days.

O Source of truth, O Wisdom past compare,  
Speak unto us, that we Thy truth may share.  
May some small portion of Thy heavenly lore  
Leaven our minds. Instruct us evermore.

O Heart of God, O great unselfish Love,  
That came to earth, a Father's care to prove,  
We have but Thee; there is no other way  
To truth, to life, to God's eternal Day.

## THE LIGHT OF LIFE

**I** KNOW not what shall be,  
But fear dwells not with me,  
For in Him,  
When earth lamps all are dim,  
The light of life I see—  
Love  
Above  
All things this earth upon;  
And I follow Him  
Trustingly  
On and on.

## WANDERERS

OUR feet have wandered from Thy path,  
Thou lowly Christ of Galilee,  
Sweet prophet of the helping hand,  
Meek Lord of love and sympathy.

Thy faith was but to walk with God  
With humble heart and open mind,  
But we have builded shrines of stone  
In which to worship—spirit-blind!

We lift our heads in loveless prayers,  
We glory in our well-wrought creed,  
Though righteousness alone avails,  
Though mercy is the only need.

Break down, O Christ, our heartless faiths,  
And give to us that spirit fine  
Which feels in Thee a Comrade strong,  
In every soul a friend of Thine.

## THE CHRIST MILITANT

WE serve no weak and timid Christ,  
We would not heed a futile Lord;  
The Man we follow unto death  
Was not afraid of rod or sword.

He asked no pillow for His head,  
He sought no luxury of ease;  
The tides that swept His daring soul  
Were dauntless as the mighty seas.

The little town of Nazareth  
Could never bound His spirit's aim;  
He dreamed that every zone of earth  
Should know the wonder of His name.

A soldier of the truth was He;  
His anger flamed at vested wrong;  
He challenged kings to fateful war,  
And sounded clear His battle song.

Against the cruel lords of pride  
He stood a warrior, strong and sure,  
And whipped the greedy temple thieves  
Who sought to cheat His helpless poor.

He ruled the stubborn hearts of men,  
And yet disdained the tyrant's rod—  
The mighty Captain of the Right,  
The Savior of the World of God.

## THE FAITH OF CHRIST'S FREEMEN

OUR faith is not in dead saints' bones,  
In altars of vain sacrifice;  
Nor is it in the stately stones  
That rise in beauty toward the skies.

Our faith is in the Christ who walks  
With men today, in street and mart;  
The constant Friend who thinks and talks  
With those who seek Him with the heart.

We would not spurn the ancient lore,  
The prophet's word or psalmist's prayer;  
But lo! our Leader goes before,  
Tomorrow's battles to prepare.

His Gospel calls for living men,  
With singing blood and minds alert;  
Strong men, who fall to rise again,  
Who strive and bleed, with courage girt.

We serve no God whose work is done,  
Who rests within His firmament:  
Our God, His labors but begun,  
Toils evermore, with power unspent.

God was and is and e'er shall be;  
Christ lived and loved—and loves us still;  
And man goes forward, proud and free,  
God's present purpose to fulfill.

## THE MYSTIC

## LIGHT

*The man who has within  
No guiding light  
Walks, in the blazing noon,  
As in the night.*

*Whom God illumines, dwells  
In undimmed day;  
Through storm and night he treads  
A clear, sure way.*



## THE PURSUIT

I DREAMED that I could flee from Him,  
And through the morn and noon I sped—  
So swift, I thought, He could not see;  
But, when the day began to dim,  
Lo! there was He.

I fled from Him through countless years;  
I sought the shadows of the night;  
But I could not His love forget;  
A penitent, I turned in tears—  
He followed yet.

And still He follows, on and on;  
And I still stumble—but in trust;  
For I have learned, with growing night,  
That, if there is for me a dawn,  
He is its light.

## THE SEARCH

I SOUGHT His love in sun and stars,  
And where the wild seas roll,  
But found it not. As mute I stood,  
Fear overwhelmed my soul;  
But when I gave to one in need,  
I found the Lord of love indeed.

I sought His love in lore of books,  
In charts of science' skill;  
They left me orphaned as before—  
His love eluded still;  
Then in despair I breathed a prayer;  
The Lord of love was standing there!

## THE STAY

**I** SEE Him when the breaking dawn  
Recalls the laggard soul from rest;  
I hear Him in the starry night,  
When silence comes to be my guest.

His voice breathes low in early spring,  
When frost chains break and March winds fail,  
When larkspurs and anemones  
Awake to life in every vale.

When sorrow calls to lonely paths,  
When Heaven lures our loved away,  
His voice still speaks—how quietly!  
And utters words no tongue can say.

With Him my stay, I cannot fall;  
In spirit stress and battle shock  
I still shall trust Him, Lord of life,  
Amid the tides a mighty Rock.

## THE VOICE OF THE DEEP

OUT of the darkness born of the night,  
Above the billows which over my bark  
Relentlessly sweep,  
Comes to my spirit, weak with affright,  
Calming its tumult, borne from the darkness,  
The Voice of the Deep.

Out of the darkness born of my night,  
Above the sorrows which over my life  
Relentlessly sweep,  
Comes to my spirit, weak with affright,  
Calming its tumult, borne from the darkness,  
The Voice of the Deep.

## GOD IS NOT FAR!

GOD is not far from any one of us:  
The wild flower by the wayside speaks His love;  
Each blithesome bird bears tidings from above;  
Sunshine and shower His tender mercies prove,  
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:  
He speaks to us in every glad sunrise;  
His glory floods us from the noonday skies;  
The stars declare His love when daylight dies,  
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:  
He watches o'er His children day and night;  
On every darkened soul He sheds His light;  
Each burdened heart He cheers, and lends His might  
To all who know His voice.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS

**L**OSING my way, I groped, with fears beset;  
Dim grew the day; on came the blinding night;  
Hopeless, I knelt and closed my eyes to pray—  
Lo, all about me streamed the Light!

## FAITH

**F**AITH is to know that He  
Who gave us poverty  
Doth thus our hearts prepare  
His greater wealth to share.

It is to trust His power  
To smite the darkest hour  
That ever blurred our sight  
With His dawn-bringing light.

Faith is to thank His hand  
For all that He has planned  
For us; to know that ill  
Is good, if 'tis His will.

## MY PILOT KNOWS

**A**S moves my fragile bark across the storm-swept  
    sea,  
    Great waves beat o'er her side,  
    As North-wind blows;  
Deep in the darkness hid, lie threat'ning rocks and  
    shoals;  
But all of these—and more,  
    My Pilot knows.

Sometimes, when dark the night, and every light  
    gone out,  
I wonder to what port  
    My frail bark goes;  
Still, though the night be long, and restless all my  
    hours,  
My distant goal, I'm sure,  
    My Pilot knows.

## AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING

**N**OT for the eyes of men  
    May this day's work be done,  
But unto Thee, O God,  
    That, with the setting sun,  
My heart may know the matchless prize  
Of sure approval in Thine eyes.

## TO-DAY

TO-DAY, an hour of passing smiles and tears?  
To-day? It holds the destinies of years.

Kingdoms shall pass,  
Worlds fade as grass,  
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.

To-day, you say, a moment's fleeting breath?  
To-day shall live when suns have plunged to death.

Kingdoms shall pass,  
Worlds fade as grass,  
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.

To-day, you say, a meteor in the night?  
To-day shall stand when stars have lost their light.

Kingdoms shall pass,  
Worlds fade as grass,  
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.



## THE BEST THINGS

**B**ETTER than gold or kingly crown,  
Better than soldier's fame,  
Better than statesman's fair renown,  
Is a God-honored name.

Better than prophet's seeing eye,  
Better than poet's art,  
Better than patriot's purpose high,  
Is a God-loving heart.

## THIS ABIDES

**T**HE sun shall fail in its course,  
The stars shall cease to shine;  
Only one thing abides—  
The love that is thine and mine.

The glory of kings shall fade,  
The statesman's fame decline;  
One thing alone shall live—  
The love that is mine and thine.

Dominion and power shall die,  
And pride its throne resign;  
Only one thing shall last—  
The love in your heart and mine.

## AS LITTLE CHILDREN

**A**S little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Gathering pearly shells, turning them o'er and  
o'er,

Tiring of each in turn but to seek a brighter one—  
So play we, children all, till life's play hour is done.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Building their houses of sand where the wild waters  
roar,

Then, when the waves devour, crying out to the  
heedless deep—

So play we, children all, and are left on the shore to  
weep.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Launching their fragile barks freighted with precious  
store,

Tracing their wayward course till the waves their  
treasures spend—

So play we, children all, and shall unto the end.

## THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

**A**H, well for him who knows, when each new goal  
Eludes his steps, 'tis only that the soul  
To farther goals may speed, and that the eyes  
May thus be lifted toward a fairer prize;  
Who, called at eve to lay his hopes away,  
Knows higher hopes shall come with breaking day.

## AT EVENING TIME

**I** KNOW not what the long years hold  
Of winter days and summer clime;  
But this I know: when life grows old,  
It shall be light—at evening time.

I can not tell what boon awaits  
To greet me, with the falling night;  
But this I know: beyond the gates,  
At evening time it shall be light.

## BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD

**B**E still and know that I am God,  
Ye who with fret and fear are worn;  
Who hear no voice, when tempests beat;  
Who faint, by sorrows overborne;  
Who dwell in shadows of defeat.

Be still and know that I am God,  
The world is mine—the shine, the storm;  
Your life is mine—your hopes, your fears;  
The sun is mine, to keep you warm;  
I guard your days, your distant years.

Be still and know that I am God.  
Let not the fires of war appal;  
Fear not the demons of the seas;  
The kings who build on blood shall fall;  
I rule the nations' destinies.

Be still and know that I am God.  
Mine only is the conquering sword;  
What can avail the tyrant's boasts,  
If I oppose, who am the Lord?  
Fear only me, the Lord of Hosts!

STUDIES IN SOULS

## INFLUENCE

*I saw him once—he stood a moment there;  
He spake one word, which laid his spirit bare;  
He grasped my hand, then passed beyond my ken;  
But what I was, I shall not be again.*

## THE REMORSE OF DAVID

**D**ID some one call me king—David the king?  
The lips were false that spake thus for my ear.  
King over men—but of his lust the slave!  
Ill fares the throne on such foundation built.  
Who ruleth self hath naught wherefrom to fear;  
Who holdeth not the reins to appetite,  
Hath naught to guide save his wild, lustful will,  
A charioteer to fiery steeds attached.  
Death yawns for such, though life seems long to bless.  
O fatal night, in which the thought was born  
Which bore in turn the deed that bound my soul  
To this deep hell! No fires with this compare—  
The pangs of conscience wronged, the will of God  
defied.  
I know not now the peace that reigned within  
When I, a lad on these Judean hills,  
Led tender flocks by gently flowing streams,  
Through pastures green, all innocent of wrong.

Sweet hours of youth, come ye but once again  
To still this spirit groaning in its chains,  
Where it, alas! must bide for evermore—  
Except one come, in strength of purity,  
And break these galling bonds, and set me free.

My harp, once as my Love, hangs idle now;  
For music bideth not in souls depraved.  
She dwelleth but on high, where God abides;  
And if she comes to earth, she visits men  
In holiness secure. O wretched fate,  
To be bereft of that we once adored  
As never womankind! Forget the past,  
Beloved Music, be thou still my friend,  
As when of old in grassy fields you walked with me,  
And doubted not my heart was true.  
You pointed out the stars and bade me sing  
Their matchless harmonies; nor did I halt,  
But, tuning harp to voice, I sang to Him,  
And felt the heavens descend and lift me far  
Beyond Judean hills to Jahweh's throne.

Alas, my power is gone, my harp is still,  
And evermore shall be; for who would deign  
To touch those magic strings with hands defiled!

Again the voices call, "King David—King!"  
No more a king, but slave, a self-bound slave!  
Who calls? Let him come in, but call not, "King!"



## THE MASTER

WE need him now—his rugged faith that held  
Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days  
Of moil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld  
By very God was he—that God who stays  
All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,  
And trusting, labor as if God were not.  
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim  
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:

To keep his people one; to hold them true  
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—  
*Freedom for all*; to spur them; to renew  
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.  
Such was his task, and well his work was done—  
Who willed us *greater* tasks, when set his sun.  
*February the Twelfth, 1917.*

## THE WORLD'S VERDICT

ONE sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,  
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;  
The wild desert sands  
Became gold in his hands;  
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

One sought out the secrets of planet and star;  
He reveled in problems of granite and spar;  
He hungered to know  
All the earth could bestow;  
And the world called him Scholar—and praised him.

One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;  
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face;  
He heeded their plea,  
And he set their hands free;  
And the world called him *Brother*—and loved him.

## THE MASTERPIECE

**G**OD took a piece of common human clay;  
Planted therein ambition's vital seed;  
Placed him, a youth, beside the common way,  
That he might learn the common human need.

Made strong by strife, he faced the storm of wrath;  
Love made him wise, a Nation's cause to plead;  
He walked with God, though in a yeoman's path,  
And seized on fame by an immortal deed.

## THE UNCROWNED VICTOR

**F**ALSELY you have said he failed—  
He whose strong, faith-founded soul  
Never faltered, never quailed;  
From whose sight the longed-for goal  
Never vanished; he for whom  
There was never hopeless wrong;  
He who at the brink of doom  
Felt his spirit wax more strong.  
Failure? No! To him be glory!  
Let a verdict fair be spoken:  
Life and death and battles gory  
Found him true, his faith unbroken.

## THE GLORY OF LINCOLN

**W**HO builds of stone a shrine to bear his name,  
Shall be forgot when months and years have  
    flown;

Who writes his name upon the scroll of fame,  
    The centuries shall find to men unknown;  
But who for fellow men endured the shame,  
    Shall have eternal glory for his own.

## SUCCESS

**H**E has not failed—  
Who has not feared nor quailed;  
Who, by the truth made strong,  
Has battled hard and long  
Against the forms of wrong  
That lurk in self and state.  
His is a service great,  
Though none may know his name;  
He needs no laureled fame!  
He boasts a fairer prize:  
Before God's righteous eyes  
He did the best he knew,  
Nor was to truth untrue.

## DIVES

**I** HAVE built me a kingdom of my own;  
Great walls encompass me about;  
No man can fret my soul.  
My ships have scoured the Orient,  
And have brought to me gems and gold;  
My board is weighted down with delicacies;  
My daughters are clothed in ermine and purple;  
The art of the world is on my walls;  
No other man can equal me;  
No man can envy me, to attack me,  
For my castle gates are barred,  
And my walls are strong.  
What though the cursed mob be penniless!  
What though babes and children starve,  
And women cry for bread!  
They cannot steal my joy,  
For my gates are barred,  
And my walls are strong.  
O my victorious soul, take thine ease,  
Eat, drink and be merry,  
For thou art alone in the earth;  
Thou hast wrought mightily;  
Thou hast built for thyself  
A kingdom of thine own.

## SYMPATHY

"THE load is heavy I must bear,"  
He groaned as, sad at heart,  
He walked his chosen selfish way,  
From other men apart.

"How light the burden that He gives!"  
She whispered as she trod  
The road of life in sympathy  
With other souls of God.

## THE PREACHER

HIS was not the speech that sings,  
Naught was his of eloquence;  
But his every word had wings—  
With the truth his thought was tense.

He had not a poet's dower,  
His was neither skill nor art;  
But his quiet words had power  
To uplift the common heart.

## SONS OF PROMISE

**I**N every meanest face, I see  
A perfected humanity;  
All men, though brothers of the clod,  
Bear promise of the sons of God.

No human ore that does not hold  
A precious element of gold;  
No heart so blackened and debased  
But has for Him some treasure chaste.





## THE NEW WORLD

## BUGLE SONG OF PEACE

### *A Prophecy*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*The day has dawned at last.*

*Blow, blow, blow!*

*The fearful night is past;*

*The prophets realize their dreams.*

*Lo! in the east the glory gleams.*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*The day has dawned at last.*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*The soul of man is free.*

*The rod and sword of king and lord*

*Shall no more honored be;*

*For God alone shall govern men,*

*And Love shall come to earth again.*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*The soul of man is free.*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*Though rivers run with blood,*

*All greed and strife, and lust for life,*

*Are passing with the flood.*

*The gory beast of war is cowed;*

*The world's great heart with grief is bowed.*

*Blow, bugle, blow!*

*The day has dawned at last.*

## GOD'S DREAMS

DREAMS are they—but they are God's dreams!

Shall we decry them and scorn them?

That men shall love one another,

That white, shall call black man brother,

That greed shall pass from the market-place,

That lust shall yield to love for the race,

That man shall meet with God face to face—

Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—

God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!

Can we say nay as they claim us?

That men shall cease from their hating,

That war shall soon be abating,

That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,

That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,

That the love of humanity shall prevail—

Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—

God's dreams!

## THE NEW EDEN

WHEN every child shall, through his native gift,  
Be truthward led along the ways of joy;  
When every man shall at his labor lift  
Hand, head and heart to God, who gave employ;

When every one an artist soul shall be,  
At forge or easel, at the desk or loom,  
Then through his task shall every man be free,  
And none shall toil, as captive to his doom.

Cities shall then become the shrines of art;  
Towns, gardens all, shall blossom as the May;  
Laughter shall thrive, of every life a part,  
And rest await each man at close of day.

Then shall be born the kingdom of the blest;  
In every heart shall love exalted be;  
Then God once more shall see His garden drest  
With flower and fruit, and every pleasant tree.

## THE CRY OF THE WORLD'S WRETCHED ONES

THE touch of human hands—  
That is the boon we ask;  
For groping, day by day,  
Along the stony way,  
We need the comrade heart  
That understands,  
And the warmth, the living warmth  
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—  
Not vain, unthinking words,  
Nor that cold charity  
Which shuns our misery;  
We seek a loyal friend  
Who understands,  
And the warmth, the loving warmth  
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—  
Such care as was in Him  
Who walked in Galilee  
Beside the silver sea;  
We need a patient guide  
Who understands,  
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth  
Of human hands.

## THE GOLDEN AGE

THE golden age will dawn  
When man shall dare to be  
From false ambition free,  
His goal the truth;  
When every youth  
Shall seek, not wealth and fame,  
But this,—a spotless name.  
Righteousness shall be bold  
In that fair age of gold.

The golden age will come  
When men shall work for joy;  
When each shall find employ  
Suited to each;  
When toil shall teach,  
Not bring the soul disgust;  
Men will not hear, "Thou must!"  
Labor will not be sold,  
In that bright age of gold.

The golden age on earth  
Will be a time of peace;  
The wars of greed shall cease;  
Envy shall fail,  
Mercy prevail;  
Creeds shall not separate;  
Caste shall be out of date;  
Love shall all hearts enfold  
In that fair age of gold.

## THE COMING

CHRIST will come to earth again;  
He will come to dwell with men;  
He will meet them in the mart;  
He will greet them heart to heart;  
He will make all hard things plain,  
When He comes.

Christ will come again to earth;  
Then shall be a new world-birth;  
War and armaments shall cease;  
Every land shall bide in peace;  
Swords will be of little worth,  
When He comes.

Christ will come, aye, He will come—  
Not with trumpet blare and drum;  
But with lives of kindliness  
All men shall His Name confess;  
There shall none be blind or dumb,  
When He comes.

Christ will come to earth—and then  
Love shall reign supreme with men;  
For the hardness of our creeds  
Will give way to loving deeds;  
Heaven and earth will meet again,  
When He comes.







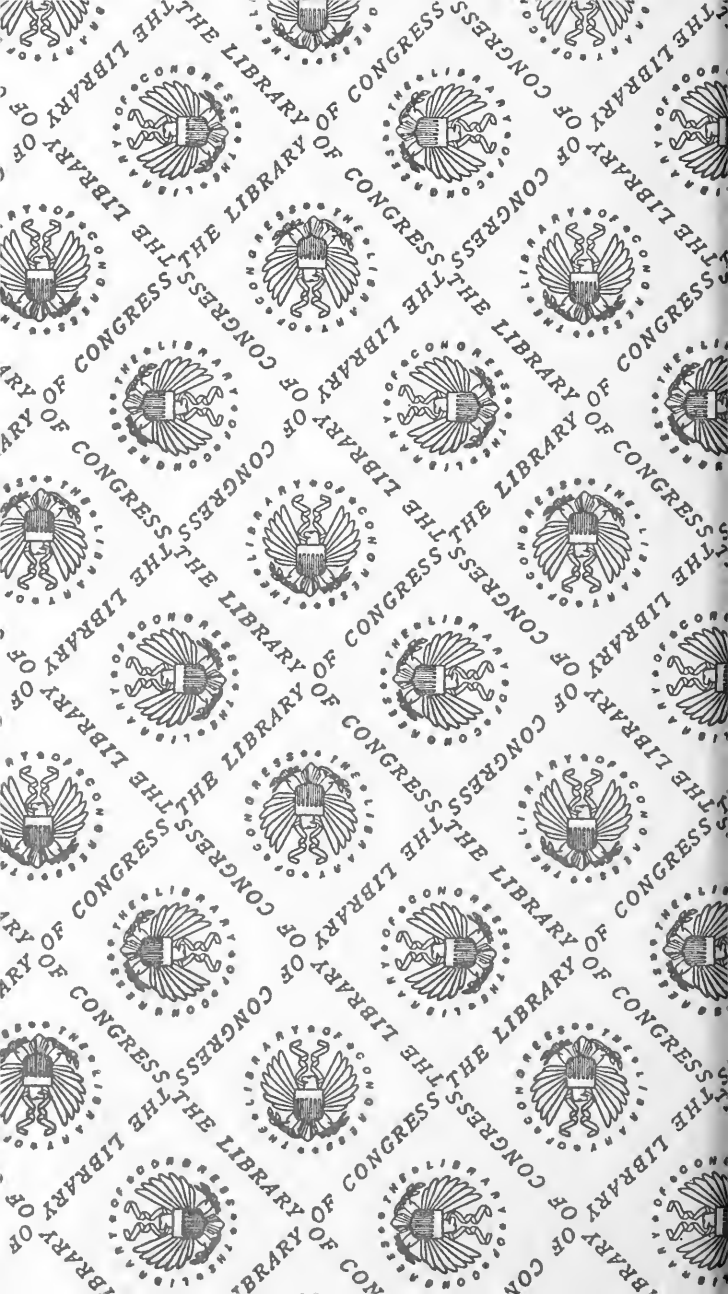














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